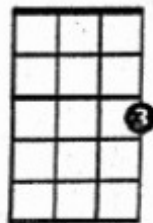


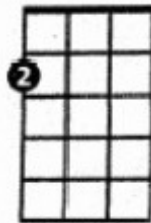
WHISKEY IN THE JAR

Irish Traditional

UP₂₂



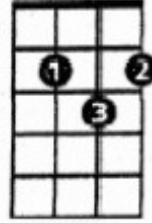
C



Am



F



G

[C]As I was going over the [Am]far famed Kerry Mountains
I [F]met with Captain Farrel, and his [C]money he was counting
I first produced my pistol, and I [Am]then produced my rapier
Saying: [F]'Stand and deliver for you [C]are my bold deceiver'

Chorus

Musha [G]ring dum a doo dum a da

[C]Whack fol de daddy o

[F]Whack fol de daddy o

There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar.

[C]I counted out his money and it [Am]made a pretty penny
I [F]put it in my pocket, and I [C]took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she [Am]never would deceive me
But the [F]devil takes the women for they [C]never can be easy.

Chorus

I [C]went into my chamber all [Am]for to take a slumber
I [F]dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C]sure it was no wonder
But Jenny dress my charges and she [Am]filled them out with water
Then [F]sent for Captain Farrel, to be [C]ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

Tw'as [C]early in the morning just be-[Am]fore I rose to travel
Up [F]comes a band of footmen and [C]likewise Captain Farrel,
I first produced my pistol for she [Am]stole away my rapier
But I [F]couldn't shoot the water, so a [C]prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

If [C]anyone can aid me 'tis my [Am]brother in the army
If [F]I can find his station, in [C]Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me we'll go [Am]roving in Kilkenny
And I'm [F]sure he'll treat me better than my [C]darling sporting
Jenny.

Chorus x 2